it's gonna be a great day. ben hanscom. new-maj on the block by beithong

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Genre: Alternate Universe - Hogwarts, Brief Violence, F/F, F/M, M/M, no harry potter characters! weirdos!, take care!
Language: English
Characters: :(- Character, Ben Hanscom, Betty Ripsom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Corcoran, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Gretta Keene, Henry Bowers, Kay McCall (IT), Maturin | The Turtle, Mike Hanlon, Mr. Chips (IT), Officer Nell, PROFESSOR..... maturin, Patricia Blum, Richie Tozier, Richie's Older Sister, Sally Mueller, Sonia Kaspbrak, Stanley Uris
Relationships: Ben Hanscom & Beverly Marsh, Ben Hanscom & Eddie Kaspbrak, Beverly Marsh & Richie Tozier, Beverly Marsh/Sally Mueller, Bill Denbrough & Mike Hanlon, Bill Denbrough/Original Female Character(s), Eddie Kaspbrak & Beverly Marsh & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Mike Hanlon & Richie Tozier, Mike Hanlon/Kay McCall, The Losers Club & The Losers Club (IT), and patty, beverly marsh & female friends, the golden four-o... whatever our white boy movie-starter quartet's called, these are TOO MANY TAGS - Relationship
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Summary:

Eddie's grinning at Richie, who’s breathing hot air on the other side of the glass as if he’s going to create an urgent appeal for help through crude finger art: “This compartment’s closed." *Pound-pound-pound, hot breath.* “My ma said.”

Instead of tracing art, Richie licks a straight stripe through his breath

cloud as Eddie gags. “That’s not what she told me last NIGHT. Open —the—fucking—” he takes out his wand and points at the door handles, shouts *“Sodoku!”*, then slams his body onto the doors.

Ben side-eyes the window for any sign of parents.

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or: A Collection of Really Written-Out Hogwarts Headcanons, Mostly Ben POV, Self-Explanatory Chapter Titles, Chuss No Full-on Stary Am Ver Busy Deyah's Too Mayni Wyurds

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Our Ben Hanscom, New-Maj on the Block Escapades began when Ben no-middle-name Hanscom blinked open his eyelids to see a face, already there and… beaming down at him. Ben blushed immediately, raising a hand up to bashfully curl a finger around the short strands of hair sitting on the sides of his dopily smiling face.

Almost as if in slow motion, golden rays illuminated and melted from behind the form that made distinct *bloop!* sounds when they fell, and they erupted into a chorus of angels when they splashed on his cheek, like it was…he imagined it was like the next coming of Jesus…just for him. Ben couldn't feel anything, so he managed some lazy giggles and started to think about…

Yeah.

(*Cue the harp strings, Ben,* said a very suave, suave Danny in his head, but instead of harps, he was accompanied with a sexy saxophone, which only got more confusing when more unfit instruments would join in, intruding, until Ben had to separate them all and select solely the trumpets he was looking for. Politely. *This is your most important recital.*)

Cheerios...

"Wheeen the sun breaks out, lift up your heeead and shout," he sings, or croaks, like it's Saturday morning and he's sitting on the TV couch with his mom before she leaves for work, *"It's gawna-bee a great daaaay..."* Ben politely carries the endnote until the maestro looking down above him graciously lifts his hand in a cut-off.

Not too bad, Ben thinks, *I should probably work a little more on my air support, because I can't breathe, but*— he shrugs, before the hand that was in the air just a second ago surges down to collide with his nose.

Everything goes white again, less golden, and instead of angels this time, it's more like someone pressing down on the highest key of an underwater synthesizer right next to his ear and Ben doesn't want to

seem rude but way too much of the golden rays are seeping into his nose and ears and mouth and he thinks he might throw up pretty soon.

(It's not faar away!)

"Next thing I'm gonna do is cut off those fucking *tits*, Tits. Fucking, fake," spits mullet-Jesus-conductor, "Might wanna use some of that magic you suddenly got, try to fucking stop me, huh? I fucking DARE YOU! *SHUT UP!*" he screams to someone to his side, "I'll fucking remind him where he *fucking belongs!*" There's a searing pain on Ben's abdomen, then, and his eyes begin to prick with tears. "Where's that fucking magic, huh? Where's that fucking magic you say you got—I'm doing you a favor…huh. I'll bring your lying ass down with the rest of us before anyone else finds out, you—"

(Kellogg's will heeelp)

"—FUCKING—"

(You saaay!)

Ben squeezes shut his eyes and lets out a blood-curling cry before the sounds of metal dropping to the ground and scuttering feet and voices replace it.

Our Ben Hanscom, New-Maj on the Block Escapades begin when Ben Hanscom blinks open his eyes once more to an inflating squib named Bowers, floating up, up, up, until he eclipses the sun and rolls backwards with wide eyes like a balloon. Ben lets his body carry him for him, doesn't remember if he grabs his suitcases or not but hears the preppy commercial trumpets accompany him as he scurries into the train station, in through a wall, and immediately into the sliding doors of the Hogwarts Express.

(Oh yes! It's gawna-bee a great daaaaay! Badum-bum-BUM!)

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The sight of a large rear-end greets Ben when he turns into the otherwise fairly empty compartment; small arms behind it are hastily cleaning and speaking in a falsely honeyed and hushed tone.

"…And if one medical hazard is treated without my knowing, I don't care if that Maturin freak threatens me with, with, with turning me into a PIG, you are coming straight home with this pig and going to the nice elementary school by your aunt Nayvie's house, you understand?"

"Yes mommy."

"And remember what compartment this is for Christmas break, compartment number seven on the right. You send me a letter every week."

"Yes mommy—"

She puts multiple kisses on the boy's forehead, the kissy noises reaching a frequency that could kill Ben's dog. The mother turns around, sniffing. Mascara is comically running down her already tear-stained cheeks when she sees Ben, beaten up, and she shrieks in defense.

"This compartment's closed!" she exclaims and closes the sliding doors behind her.

"Ok." Ben catches the boy's eye and his widens, at Ben's state, probably. Maybe his size, too. The mother blows her nose and the conductor could be heard; Ben turns and watches him, saying, "Ma'am, ma'am if we could just remain outside the trai—"

"Oh I know," she interrupts gruffly before stuffing the tissue into her dress pocket and stomping out.

Ben continues walking and peering before a light something touches his back. He turns again, and it's the boy from the "closed" compartment with light red kiss marks inhabiting his forehead, looking at Ben with big eyes like a… little cowlicked squirrel caught in headlights.

“I have a bunch of ice packs and antiseptic wipes in my first aid kit I could patch you up,” he says in one breath, his eyes darting left for a split second in awkwardness.

“Yes, please” replies Ben and he also darts his eyes awkwardly before they both shuffle in unison back to the compartment.

A tall boy comes in after a little while with a sleek, dark green suitcase that had the most elegant embroidery Ben’s ever seen, with green and gold snakes sometimes actually slithering all over it— wait that was so cool. It looked like it was made of steel but then it teetle-twirled and did a lil' oop-loop-di-loop-doop all… Ben takes a second to consider if he has a concussion.

He's so fascinated right now, though. He wants to move in closer to see just how this magic worked, but he can't right now because it smells like really really dirty socks.

“Hey, Billy” says Eddie, working down on Ben’s body and currently patching up his knees.

“Whi-w-woah,” he says when he looks at Ben. The toad in his hand jumps onto Ben's shoulder.

“I know, right?” Eddie says, almost like he’s excited. “My mom was in here disinfecting the compartment and kid tries to come in looking like someone’s killed him.”

As soon as Eddie’s finished, the three of them sit in a little bit of an awkward silence, not really knowing where to start. Eddie starts talking a little bit about his mom, complaining, but then disregarding the complaints as soon as he says something a little more than mild. Most of it goes like this: Bill tries asking Ben a little bit about himself while Eddie gets a little impatient with the stutter and tries to finish his sentences for him, and he’s usually wrong and tries to justify why he thought Bill was trying to ask where Ben, an 11-year-old aboard the same train as them, was traveling to.

Their voices begin rising a little until the top of a head at the window suddenly makes an obnoxious fart noise, another one says "ugh", and everyone in the compartment jumps with a delay. Ben peers and sees a big-eyed boy hopelessly adjusting broken glasses on his squinty face.

“Oh, fuckin’ A, Stanley. If only you could just remember the right frickin wall– check this fuckin’ dog bird out!” he points at the kiss stains on Eddie’s forehead and Eddie’s whole head reacts like a doe who just heard a noise in an empty forest. “He’s already gotten more action than both of us!”

Next to him, Squinty Boy is met with a tired sigh and large roll of the taller boy’s eyes, but the smirk on Stanley’s face when he catches Eddie’s eye could tell you right away that he knew exactly which wall you needed to run through to get to the station, and that the cracked-in-two glasses and purple forehead bump he wore today were well deserved.

Eddie’s *personality* takes a complete 180 when he sprints and whips the top half of his body out the window and almost falls out—Bill grabbing his foot easily. Eddie grabs Squinty’s glasses off his face against Squinty’s will.

“Hey Stanley,” he calls, putting three bandaids over the bridge of the glasses. Stanley looks at him as he mouths ’run,’ and while Stanley slowly skirts and then books for it into the train, Eddie makes sure the bandaid can hold the glasses securely. “Hold on, dude—Stan. Stan, shut up—” he tells Squinty’s hands, “Stan, stanstanstanstanstan… HOW many years has Richie been sending his sister off to this fuckin’ school already?”

The compartment shuts closed behind them. “Four? Four years, I think, of more experience than all of us combined,” pants Stan at the door and Richie blindly snatches his glasses back. They miraculously stay put even when he jabs them back on and finds Stanley, in the compartment, back to standing like an old man.

Richie’s face seems to impossibly squint even more than before, and Eddie leans, smirking sweetly, and Ben shakes Stanley’s offered hand, which is quickly interrupted when Eddie suddenly *catapults* himself

over Ben's feet to charge for the doors and hold them both shut. Stan sighs and turns to extend his hand out for Bill to also shake.

"Sir," he says, and Bill snorts. Stan then turns back around to the toad on Ben's shoulder. He extends his hand and the to—oh. Wow. The toad reaches up and shakes his hand. It was in such a way that Ben almost expected it to happily yell *Stanley, you sonuvabitch!* in that croaky-deep voice and he starts giggling.

"Sir," Stan repeats, though, smiling and letting a little huff go through his nostrils when he looks at Ben.

Three loud pounds to their side makes everyone in the compartment jump a second time, and Stan *groans.*

Eddie's grinning at Richie, who's breathing hot air on the other side of the glass as if he's going to create an urgent appeal for help through crude finger art: "This compartment's closed." *Pound-pound-pound, hot breath.* "My ma said."

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(Ben notes that their window is virtually parentless so far. This is because it's more convenient for the publisher of this story and she doesn't have to think so much. Maybe Ben asks about it.)

"Where are yours?" Stan swiftly asks back.

"Meningitis–!" Richie goes again, laughing, followed by Eddie's delighted *shhRIEK.*

All three boys cringe at the noise.

"Actually um, my mom couldn't come through the wall," Ben smiles politely, rubbing at his knees, then regretting it.

"So you're muggle-born."

"No I'm from Derry."

“What happened to you?” says Richie, finally being ushered in by an angry conductor. “Did Stan send you into the wrong walls too?”

Author's Note:

> i don't know what this is either man I'm just waiting for mia wallace
>
> i'll be adding shit along as i go! i just wanna start writing more. if something sparks something you wanna see, im @deadfruity on tumblr. beithong's my old account that i forgot .how to get back on enjoy